

M A R V E L[®] C O M I C S

MARVEL
PG 44
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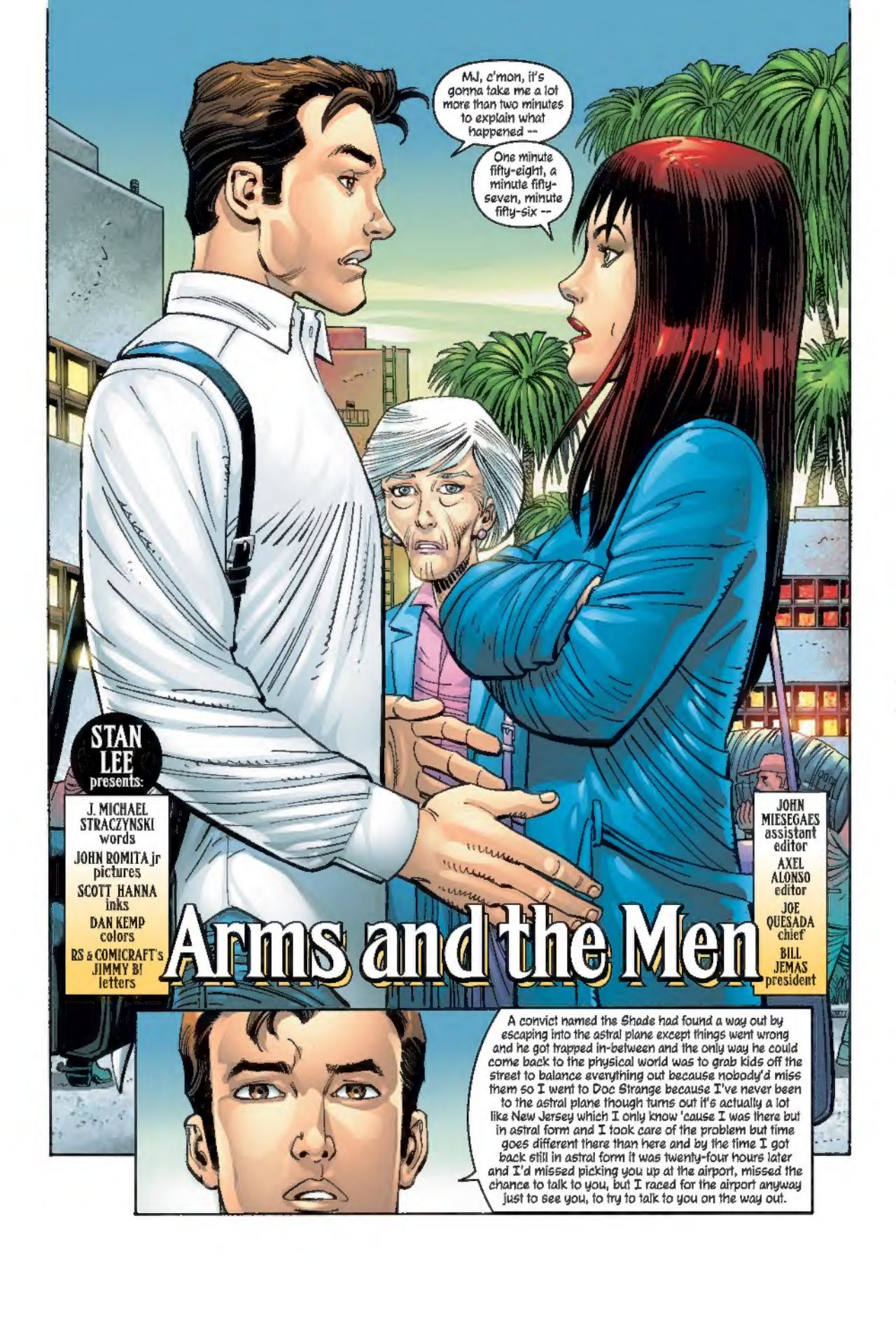


the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

STRACZYNSKI
ROMITA JR.
HANNA



JRJR
5/11
D:



MJ, c'mon, it's gonna take me a lot more than two minutes to explain what happened --

One minute fifty-eight, a minute fifty-seven, minute fifty-six --

STAN LEE
presents:

J. MICHAEL
STRACZYNSKI
words
JOHN ROMITA jr
pictures
SCOTT HANNA
inks
DAN KEMP
colors
BS & COMICRAFT's
JIMMY BI
letters

JOHN
MIESEGAES
assistant
editor
AXEL
ALONSO
editor
JOE
QUESADA
chief
BILL
JEMAS
president

Arms and the Men

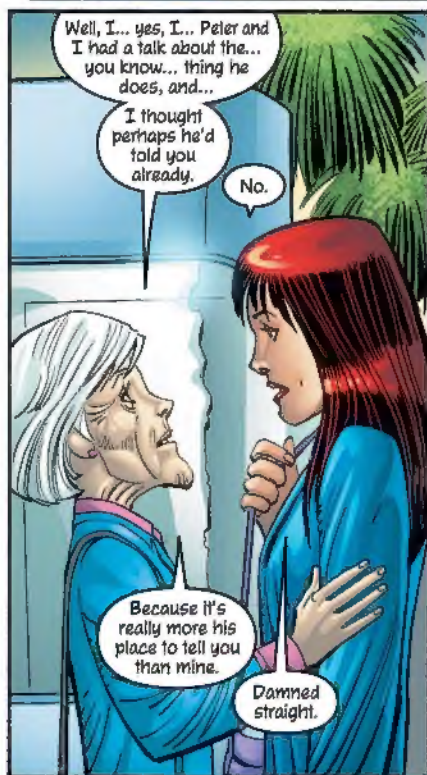


A convict named the Shade had found a way out by escaping into the astral plane except things went wrong and he got trapped in-between and the only way he could come back to the physical world was to grab kids off the street to balance everything out because nobody'd miss them so I went to Doc Strange because I've never been to the astral plane though turns out it's actually a lot like New Jersey which I only know 'cause I was there but in astral form and I took care of the problem but time goes different there than here and by the time I got back still in astral form it was twenty-four hours later and I'd missed picking you up at the airport, missed the chance to talk to you, but I raced for the airport anyway just to see you, to try to talk to you on the way out.

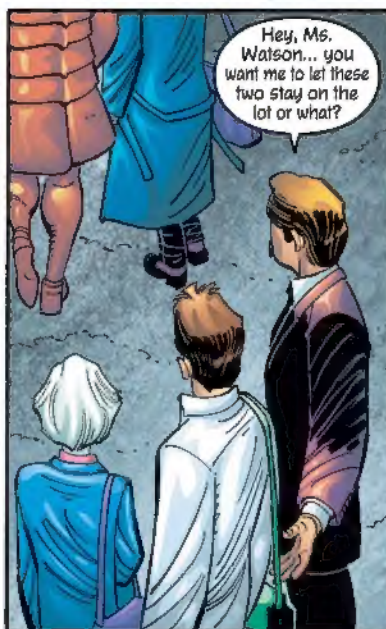


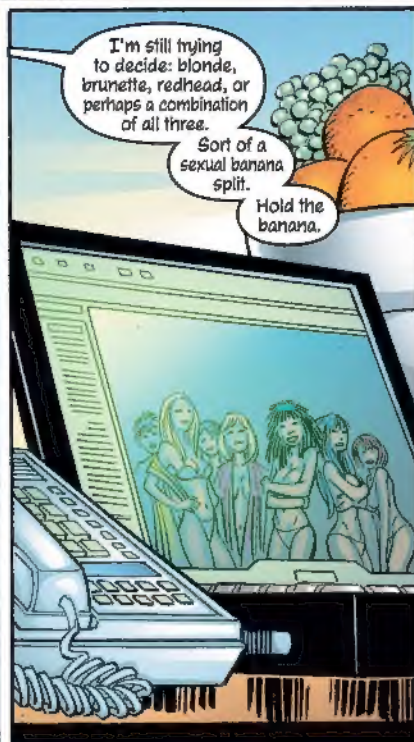
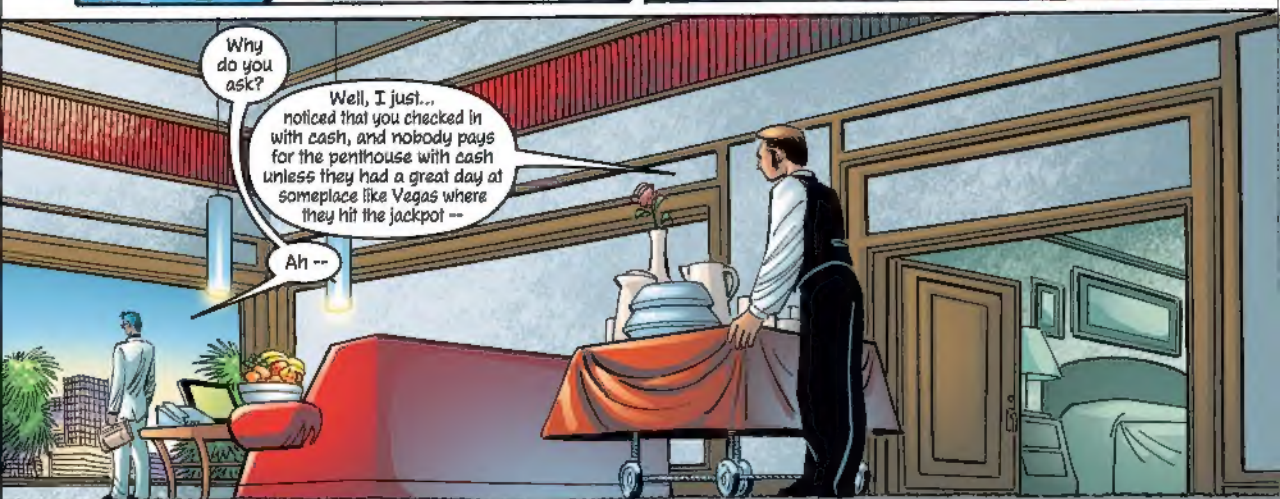
Look, MJ, I'm sorry I wasn't there. If there was any way I could have been there, I swear I would have moved heaven and earth to make it happen. But there were something like thirty kids whose lives were on the line. You know me. I had to do what I did. I just...



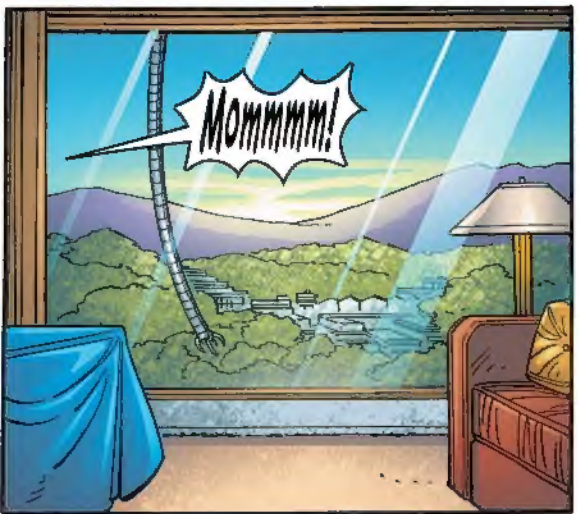
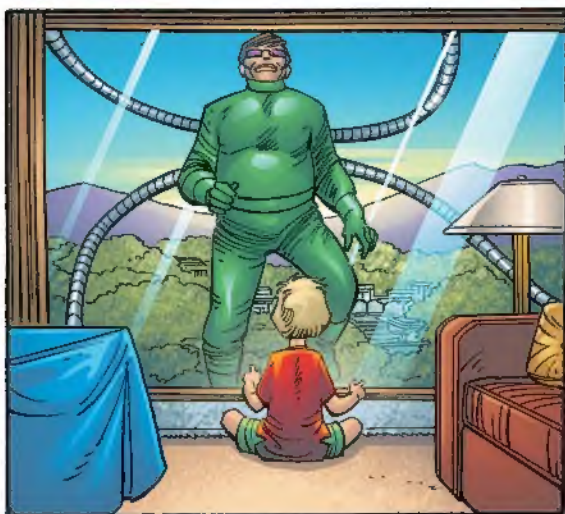




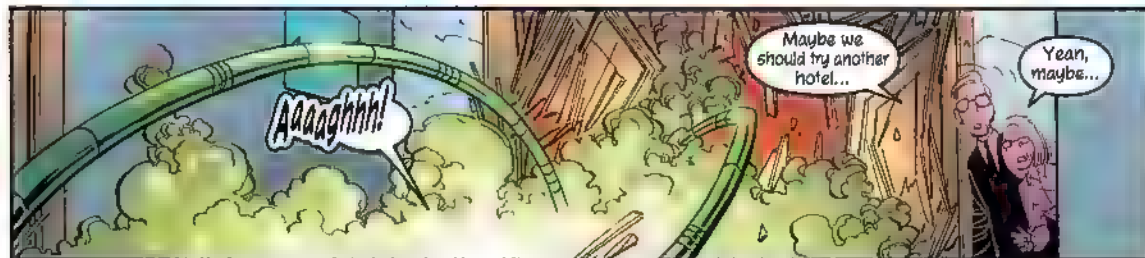
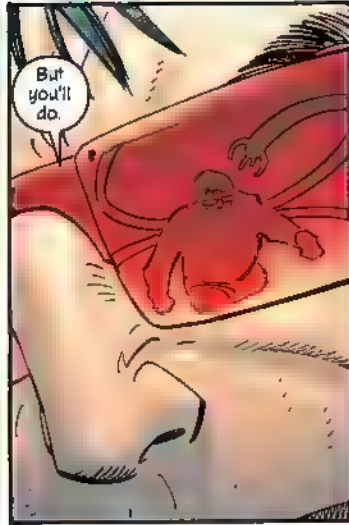


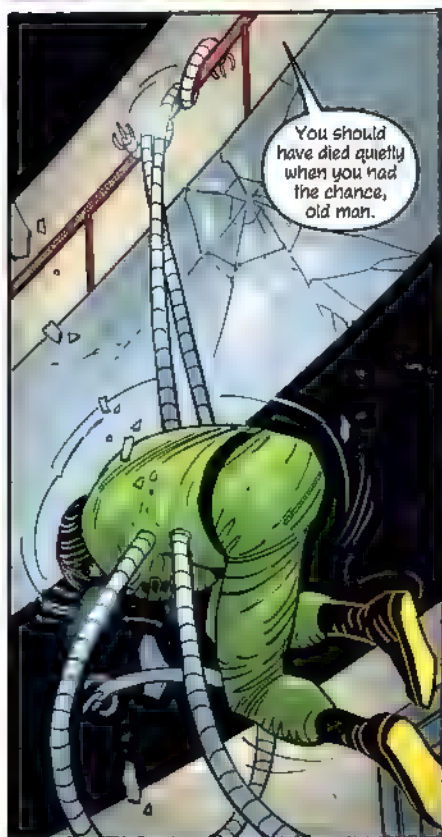
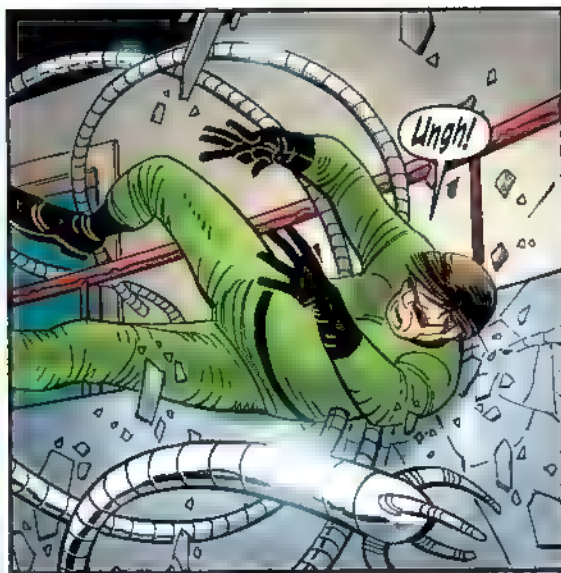
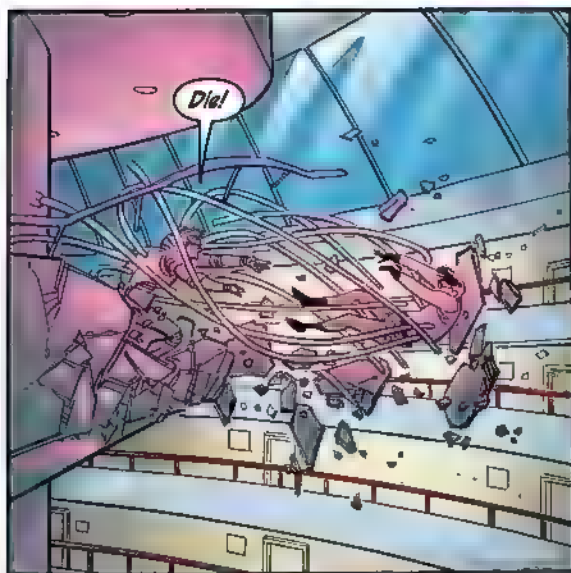


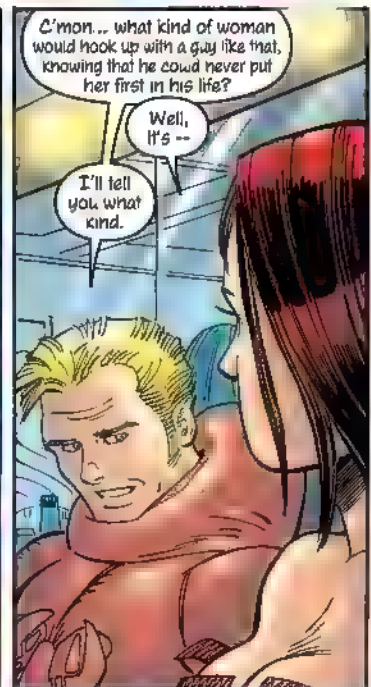
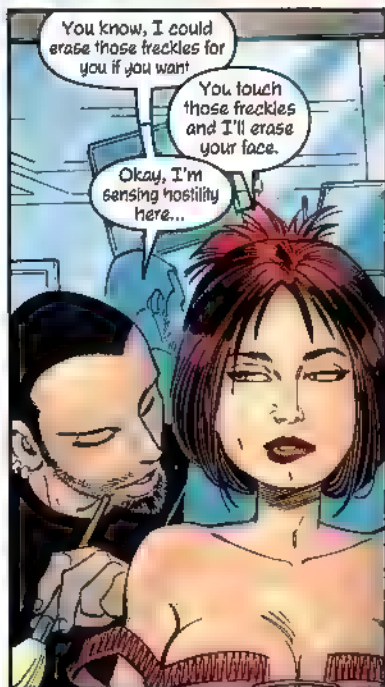
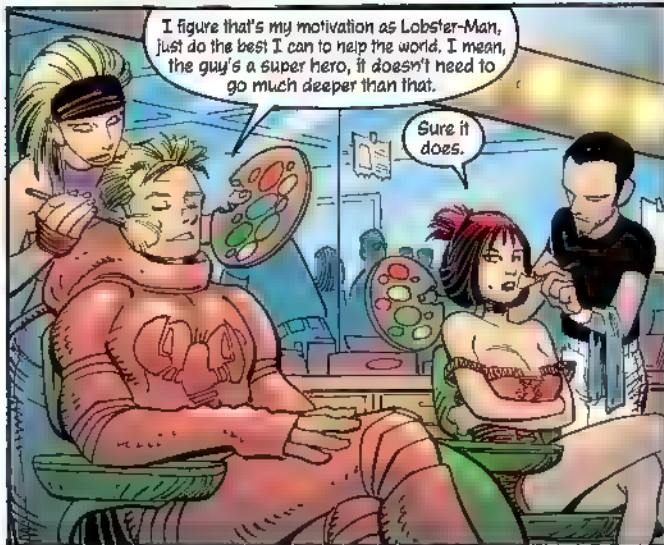
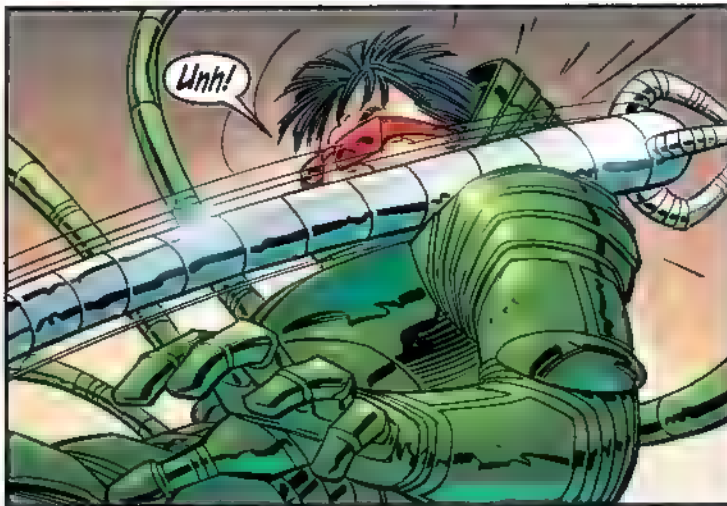


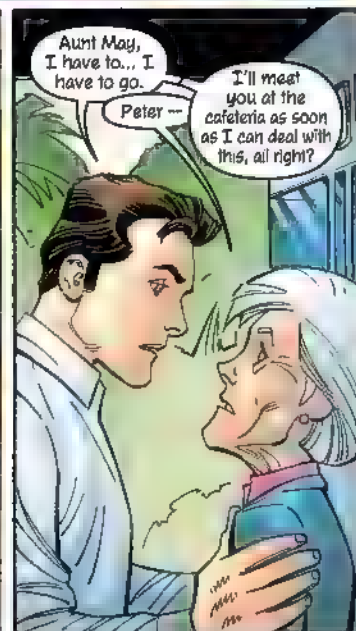
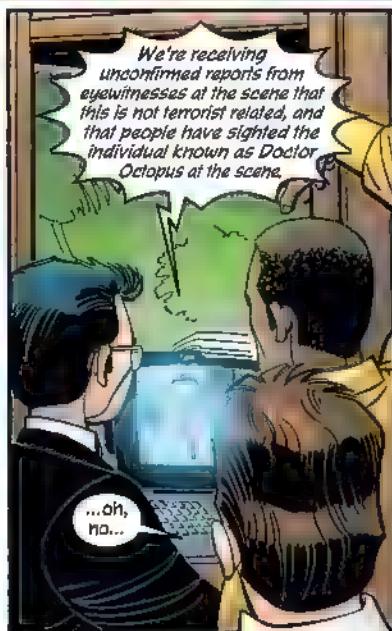
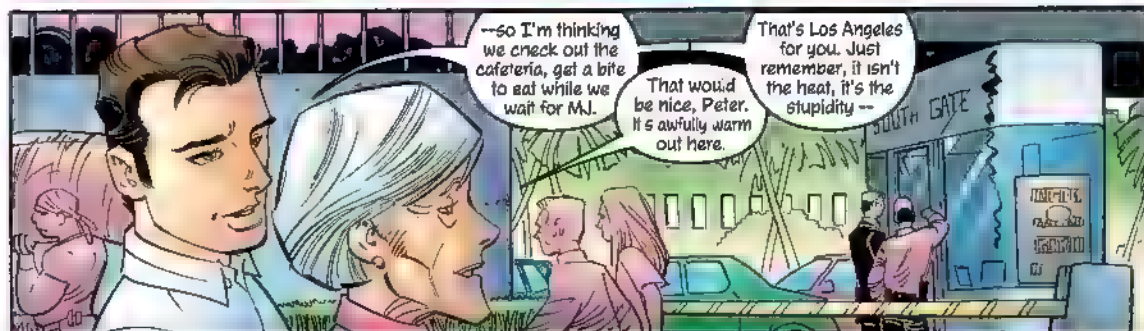
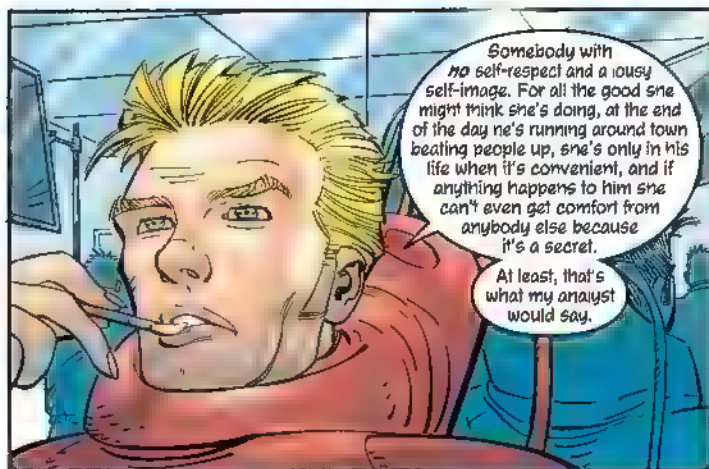












May... I'll be okay, I swear. I'll come back as soon as I'm done and we'll have some dessert, so find something good at the cafeteria because I'm going to be pretty peckish, okay?

I love you, Aunt May.

I know... and I love you too, it's just...

A close-up of Peter Parker in a white shirt, looking down with a sad expression. He is holding a white cloth or napkin. Aunt May is partially visible behind him, looking up at him.

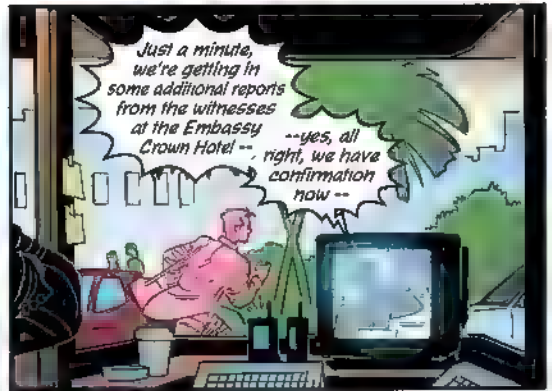
No. Never mind. You just... do what you have to, Peter. I'll wait for you.

Okay, I'll be back before you know it.

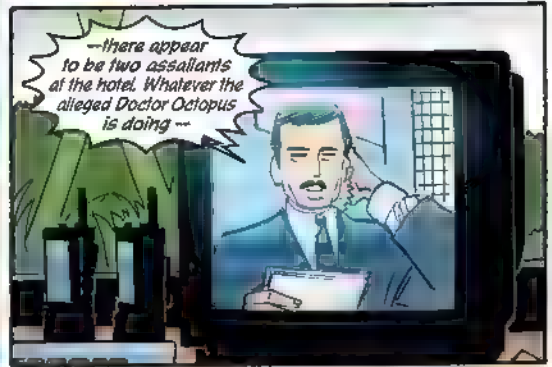
A close-up of Aunt May's face. She has a worried and pleading expression, with her hands clasped together near her mouth.

Just a minute, we're getting in some additional reports from the witnesses at the Embassy Crown Hotel --

--yes, all right, we have confirmation now --

A newsroom scene with a man in a pink shirt running in the background. In the foreground, a television set displays a news anchor.

--there appear to be two assailants at the hotel. Whatever the alleged Doctor Octopus is doing --

A close-up of the television screen from the previous panel, showing a news anchor in a suit and tie, looking serious and holding a piece of paper.

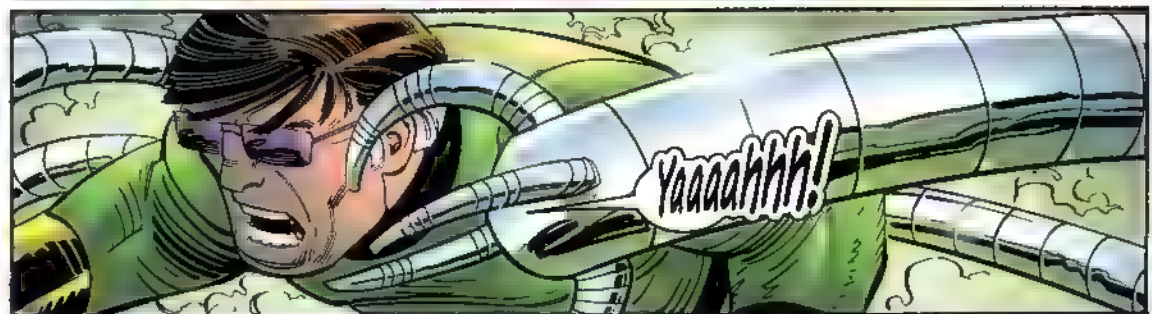
"-- he's not doing it alone."

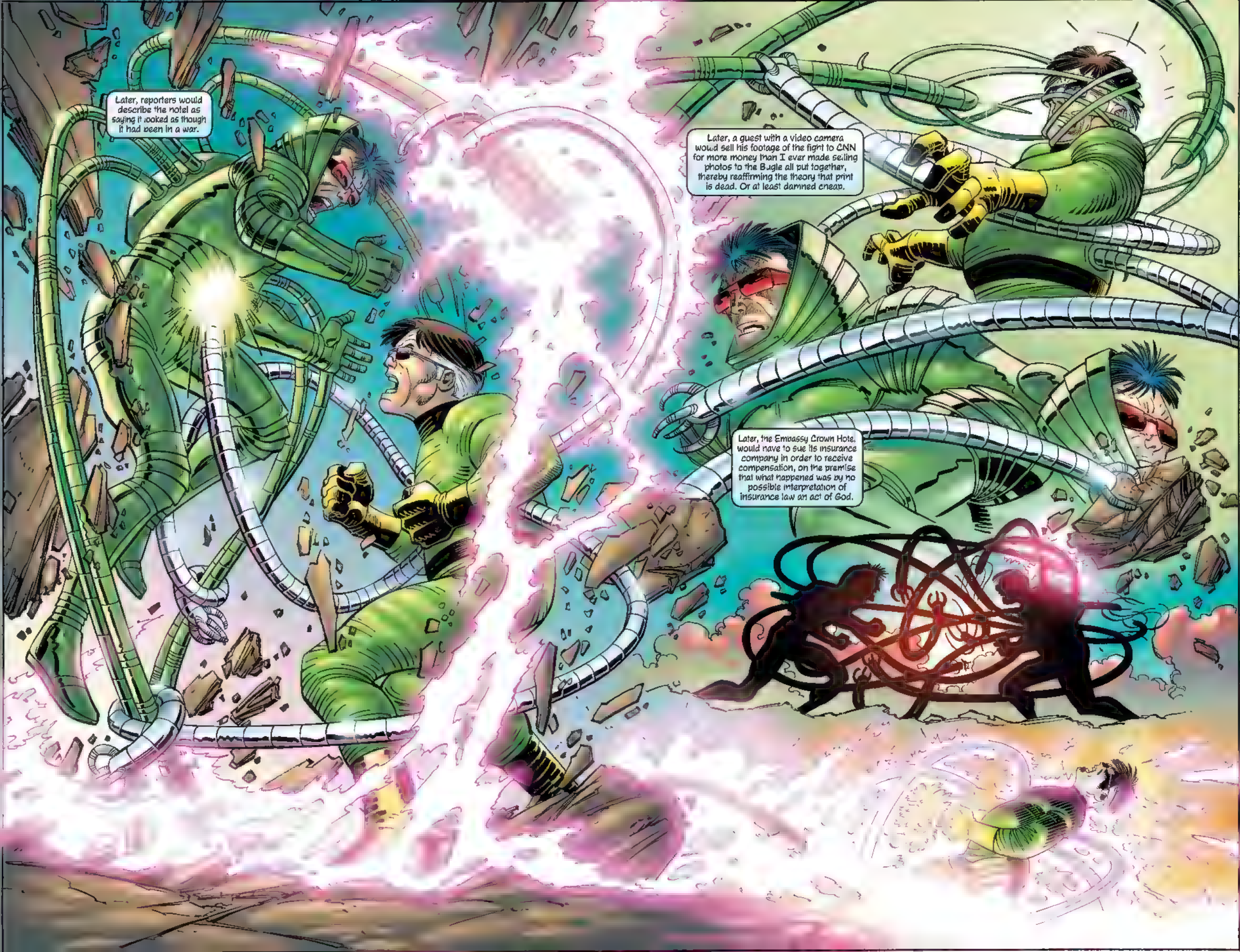
You can't keep running forever, Octavius.

I have no intention of running.

A large action panel showing Spider-Man in his green and blue suit fighting Doctor Octopus. Doctor Octopus is using his mechanical tentacles to restrain Spider-Man. The background is a city street with debris and a sign that says "RESTAURANT".

Yaaaaahhh!

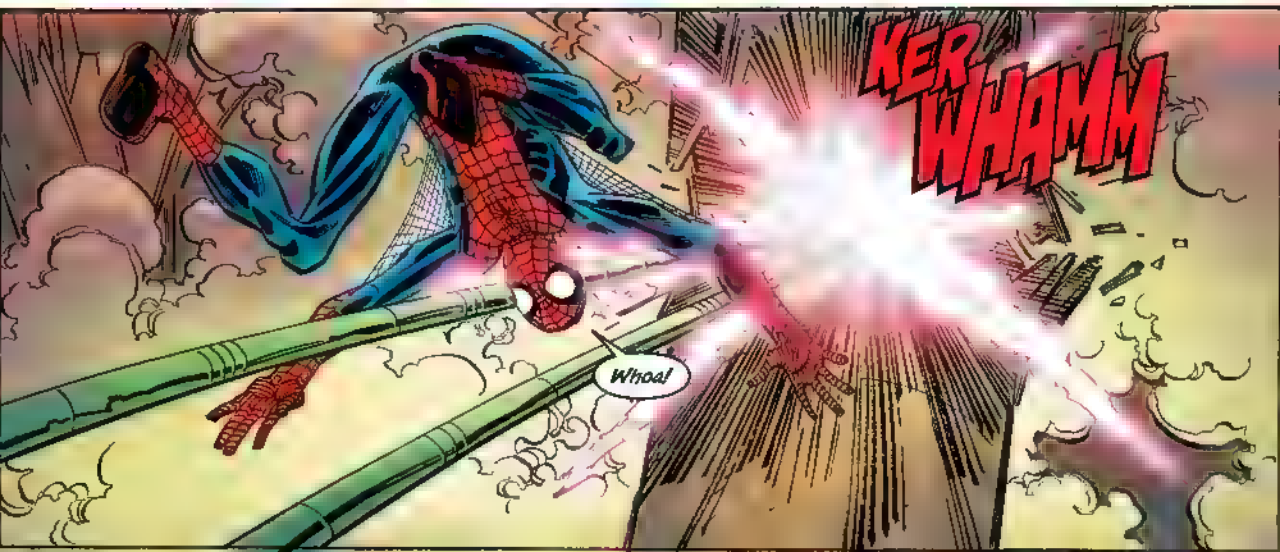
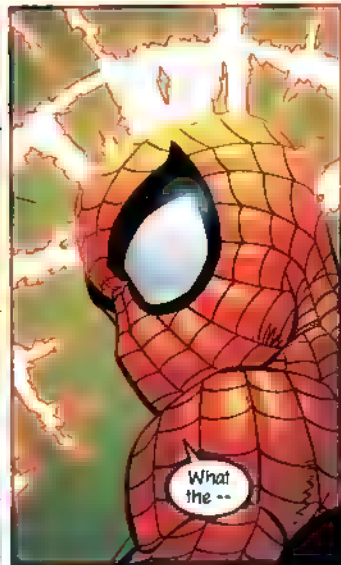
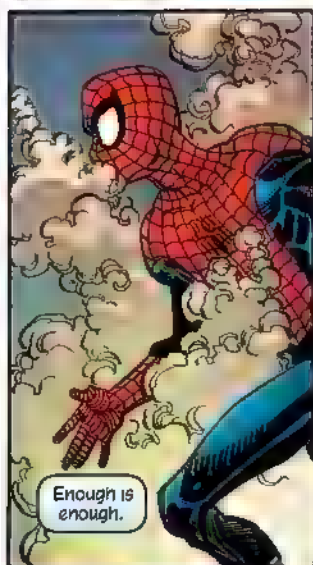
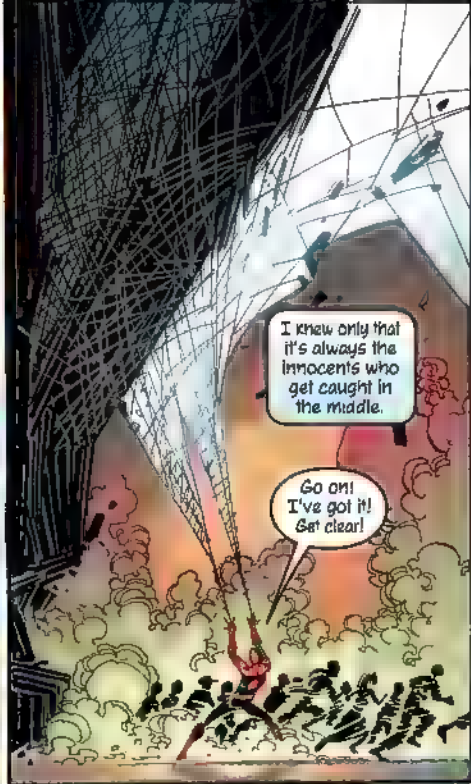
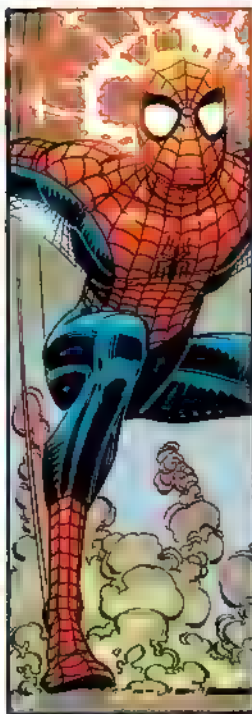
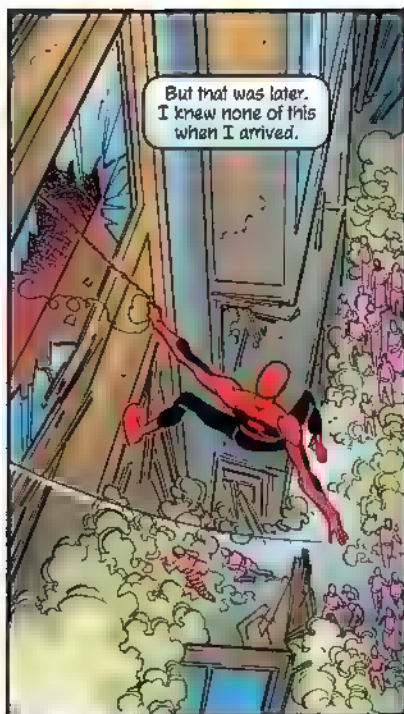
A close-up of Doctor Octopus's face as he screams in pain or anger. His eyes are squeezed shut, and his mouth is wide open. His mechanical tentacles are visible around his head.

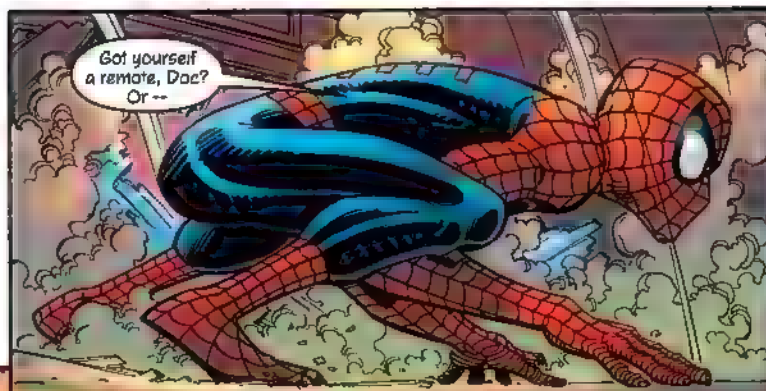


Later, reporters would describe the hotel as saying it looked as though it had been in a war.

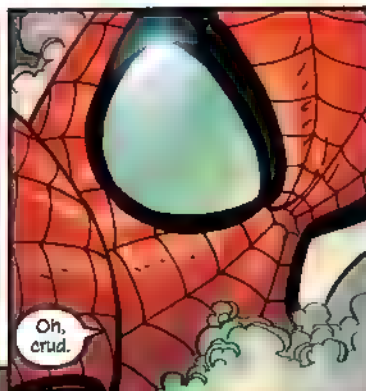
Later, a guest with a video camera would sell his footage of the fight to CNN for more money than I ever made selling photos to the Bugle all put together, thereby reaffirming the theory that print is dead. Or at least damned cheap.

Later, the Embassy Crown Hotel would have to sue its insurance company in order to receive compensation, on the premise that what happened was by no possible interpretation of insurance law an act of God.





Got yourself
a remote, Doc?
Or--



Oh,
crud.



Okay.

I think it's
time to reassess
the situation.



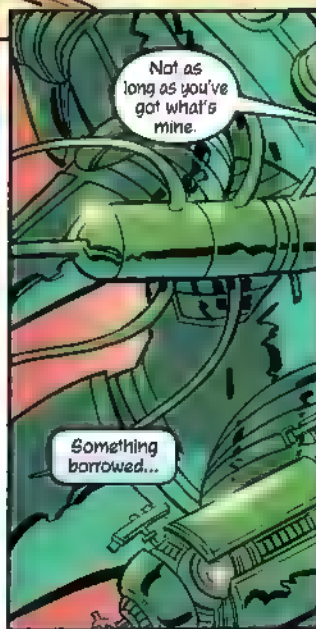
Stay out of this,
Spider-Man.

Something
old...



Unless you want
to combine our forces,
dispose of our unwanted
guest and mutual enemy
first, then settle this.

Something
new...



Not as
long as you've
got what's
mine.

Something
borrowed...

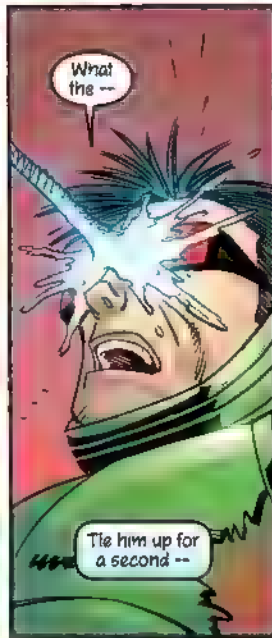


Something
blue.

I am ~~so~~
screwed



I decide what's going on matters less than stopping them before this whole place comes down around us.

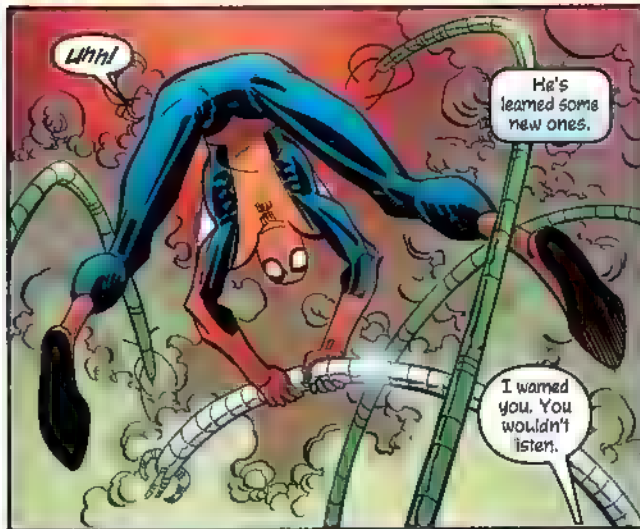


What the --

Tie him up for a second --



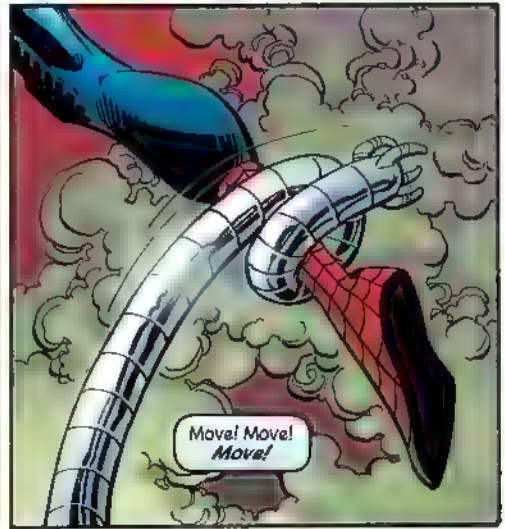
--while I deal with Ock. I know his tricks enough to --



Uhhl!

He's learned some new ones.

I warned you. You wouldn't listen.



Move! Move! Move!



Now pay the price.



"We're now getting reports that Spider-Man has been seen at the site of the motel attack."



The last witnesses to flee the building describe a brutal fight between those involved --



--practically a war--

Could you turn that off, please?



Sure thing.



Thank you.



So lemme ask you a question, Doc ol' buddy ol' pal... this guy a friend of yours?

Carlyle?

Good. Now I have a name.

He's a thief!



Okay, we've established that you like the same things and your mom dresses you the same but did you come to the prom together?



Look at him! He's stolen my technology! There is room for only *one* Otto Octavius!

Yeah, especially with that new rule that you have to buy a second seat on the airplane if you're too fat for the first one --



Finally!

Uh-oh...



He's fast... I barely get out of the way of one of his arms before I realize --



--he wasn't aiming at me.

Unnh!



Company... this is getting too crowded for my tastes. I need a distraction to get away, and hostages for insurance --

I think I know where I can get the latter -- I seem to recall there's a studio around here...

No!

--and now for the former.



No! What're you doing? Those are load-bearing walls! You'll bring the whole place down around us!

Around you two, perhaps.

